

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 323.]

THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1858.

[Price 1d.]



A MOONLIGHT BOAT EXCURSION ON THE HOOGHLY.

## THE INDIAN NABOB:

OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XVII.—MADELEINE.

I BROKE off in my last, Archie, at Mr. Dalzell's narrative of an unexpected visit he had many years No. 323, 1858.

before received. I will continue his story in my own words, for I cannot attempt to do justice to his.

You may judge, however, and picture to yourself the consternation with which my kind friend

K

received the first intimation of his son's marriage, and that the young person before him was his daughter-in-law. It was natural that he should refuse to believe her verbal testimony to the fact, and charge her with attempting to take advantage of the unhappy position in which he was placed, by palming upon him a barefaced imposition. But she had evidence to offer—the certificate of marriage—a twofold certificate, indeed, for the ceremony had been twice performed: first by a Romish priest at Pondicherry, and again by the Protestant chaplain of the Factory at Madras. More than this, the poor young creature had letters from Albert Dalzell, addressed to her by name, as his wife. The letters—I myself saw them afterwards—exhibited very forcibly the heartlessness of which she had been the victim; but before I refer to these, I will tell you, as briefly as I can, the history of this sorrowful connection.

You are aware, Archie, that the French have a settlement and factory at Pondicherry, on the Coromandel coast, less than a hundred miles south of Madras. Now, the date of Albert Dalzell's residence in Madras was previous to the breaking out of direct hostilities between the two nations, and occasional, though guarded and jealous intercourse, was maintained between both factors and officers of the rival companies. On one occasion Captain Dalzell (if he ever attained to that rank, of which I am not certain) passed some time at the French settlement, on the plea of recruiting his health.

Wherever there are French, you may be pretty sure there are theatrical amusements. It was so at Pondicherry, and Albert was soon to be seen nightly at the theatre. It was not simply to pass a few idle hours that the English officer was so constant in his attendance at this place of dissipation. He had become madly enamoured of a young actress. I cannot, however, relate the progress of his passion and his suit. Let it suffice that he offered marriage, and was accepted; that the ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church; that the young Frenchwoman thus became Albert's wife, and accompanied him on his return to Madras; and that, on their arrival there, the union was made additionally valid by the intervention of the Protestant clergyman.

Thus far there had been no direct criminality in young Dalzell's conduct. True, he had committed an act of egregious folly; and in forming a connection with one so far beneath him—beneath him, that is to say, in the social scale, and according to the rule of conventional propriety—he must have known how almost irreparably he was widening the lamentable breach between his father and himself. Still, towards her whom he had made his wife, and who appears to have loved and trusted him ardently and firmly, he had behaved with fidelity and honour. Nor did it appear that for some time after marriage he was wanting in conjugal affection. He introduced Madeleine (this was the young Frenchwoman's name) to his friends at Madras, by whom, however, she was coldly looked upon; and it was some slight which had been cast upon her, that provoked her husband to challenge and fight with a brother officer. Eventually, a child was born; and, by Albert's desire, she was named after the

*dramatis persona* in which Madeleine had first attracted his notice on the stage. I need scarcely say, Archie, that that child was Zillah Dalzell.

From the time of this birth, poor Madeleine felt that the ardour of her husband's affection had cooled into chilling indifference: he had tired of his new toy, and would willingly have thrown it aside. Truth to tell, I fear that there was little in the poor young creature herself to retain and rivet manly and rational regard. Beautiful I have no doubt she was; but it is equally doubtless that she was ignorant, uneducated, vain, frivolous, and probably flirty also, and that the short-lived love of the young officer was succeeded by strong mortification, increased by the low estimation in which his young wife was held by those around him.

After a time, however, Albert's affections seemed to revive or return—or, rather, he must have put on a cold-blooded, heartless appearance of renewed interest, the more effectually to blind his victim to his ultimate design. It was then—after being placed under arrest for disobedience of orders and insolence to his superior officers, and afterwards ignominiously deprived of his commission—that he hastily and secretly disappeared from Madras, leaving his wife almost without means of support.

I need not further enter into the details of poor Madeleine's story, Archie. Desolated, as she expressed it, at the cruel desertion of her husband, still faithful to him who had been so faithless to her, and yet believing in his fidelity, she patiently waited his return. Then she received a letter from him, written at Calcutta, in cold and measured language, which not only aroused her fears, but prostrated both body and mind.

Meanwhile, the respect which was withheld from her in her short-lived prosperity, was shown to her in the form of gentle commiseration for her sufferings. Funds were raised for her by some, to whom she had given deepest offence by her foolish assumption of superiority; and, when sufficiently recovered to encounter the hardships and tedium of a slow and inconvenient coasting voyage of upwards of a thousand miles, poor Madeleine, with her child, not yet a year old, was assisted to embark in pursuit of her unworthy husband.

It will not surprise you, Archie, to learn that the narrative thus unfolded to my dear friend Mr. Dalzell, by the deserted wife, roused at once his indignation, his pity, and his prejudices. The anger was directed against his own and only son; the pity and prejudice were both excited by the helpless and injured being before him, whose distress, moreover, was fearfully augmented when she found that the object of her pursuit was beyond her reach. It was impossible not to pity poor Madeleine, sorrow-stricken and despairing as she was; the more so, that further inquiries, set on foot by Mr. Dalzell, proved only more clearly how deep were her wrongs. But much as he was moved to compassion, it was not in human nature—in human nature constituted and trained like Mr. Dalzell's, at least—to bear with equanimity the indignity and degradation he felt in being compelled to acknowledge relationship with a French actress.

I have already said that my kind benefactor and patron was aristocratic, both by birth and education, and also in feeling; and when he told me

this story of his secret grief, I marvelled that he found words, and compelled his tongue to utter the humiliation. But I did not marvel when I gathered, from the subsequent part of the history, that the poor afflicted wanderer was received by him with kindness, and nourished with fatherly solicitude; that he gave up the best apartments in his house for her accommodation, and increased his establishment of native servants for her sole use and benefit. His care and kindness were lavished in vain, however—in vain, I mean, as regarded the restoration to health of the sick and sorrowing wife. A long and stormy voyage had too severely taxed a feeble frame, already debilitated by illness, and disappointment and care performed their sure and certain work. Three months after her landing at Calcutta, Madeleine Dalzell was laid in the burying-ground of the small chapel attached to the Factory and Fort.

And then the motherless child, deserted by her father, was cast upon the care of my benefactor. How he had executed his trust; how the little Zillah won upon his affections, and became, in the course of years, the darling of his heart and the soother of his sorrows; how she repaid his almost more than parental kindness by love, honour, respect, and obedience, I had partly witnessed; but I will not further speak of this here.

Meanwhile, the scanty intelligence which reached Mr. Dalzell respecting his dissolute son gave no hope of a return to his "right mind." For a few years he occasionally heard of him as being mixed up with the gay world of London; but to the remonstrances and appeals of his father to return to India and his duty, "for Zillah's sake, and for the sake of her mother's memory," he deigned no reply. "He was deaf and lost and dead to us," said Mr. Dalzell, with quivering lips, when he reached this part of his narrative.

Then came a time of total silence and oblivion, in which all efforts made by Mr. Dalzell and by his agents in London to trace his son, were vain and fruitless. Mail after mail—at long and uncertain intervals between—arrived from England, but they contained no news of Albert Dalzell. Year after year passed, and only one scrap of certain, and one of doubtful, intelligence found its way to Calcutta. The first was, that the unhappy prodigal having, like the prodigal son of the Saviour's parable, "wasted his substance with riotous living," had been discarded by the false friends who, in his boyhood, had infused jealousy into his mind and stirred him up to rebellion against his father. The second, that, at a later period, he had been seen skulking in some low haunts of vice in Paris; but this information came from no reliable source.

Twelve years had thus passed away since the father and son parted, and had brought their changes. Energy and integrity of character, and unceasing application to the interests of the Company, had added to Mr. Dalzell's wealth, and raised him to a high position in the Factory; but the anxious care and sorrowful remembrances which preyed upon his heart, had worn down his bodily strength, thickly strewed his brow with grey hairs, and made inroads upon his iron constitution. Meanwhile, the little lovely bud of humanity—the child of the French actress—had opened and blossomed into a yet more beautiful

flower. Her education had been superintended by her grandfather himself; while a large retinue of native servants, in all their varieties and classes and castes, had been trained almost to do her homage.

It was then that imperative business connected with the Company's service demanded Mr. Dalzell's presence in England. That he left Zillah behind, under the guardianship, however, of the governor of Fort William, I could easily account for by his dread of exposing her to the casualties and dangers of the double voyage. On his arrival in London he instituted a long and strict and painful research for the missing father of Zillah, but without effect; and he was compelled at length to believe that, worn out by dissipation, and abandoned to wretchedness and poverty, he had died in obscurity.

This was the story, Archie, to which I listened with painful interest, and which accounted for much which before had been mysterious and inexplicable in my kind aged friend. It supplied me, too, with a fruitful source of reflection; and, I may add, that if it did not demolish, it rudely shook one of my airy castles of boyish hope: but of this hereafter.

I am an old man myself now, as you know; and, in recalling and recording these memories of the long past, let me borrow some light from after wisdom and experience. I will not weary you with a long homily, yet may I say that, in the character and parental conduct of my kind and generous friend, there was one capital deficiency, to which may be traced much of the sorrow which, like a fatal gangrene, laid hold on and ate away the peace of his latter existence. I did not see it then; for then, alas! I had no knowledge of the plague of my own heart, nor desire after that "wisdom which is from above."

I have spoken of Mr. Dalzell as inflexibly just and upright; and, notwithstanding the, probably, natural sternness of his character, he felt and exercised much kindness to those with whom he was brought into contact, and who gave themselves the trouble of understanding him. Respecting his pride, ambition, and his not unnatural desire to do well for himself—so far as this might be done without encroaching on the rights of others—I shall say no more than I have already disclosed or intimated. The defect to which I allude was this: he looked for, coveted, and "loved the praise of men, more than the praise of God." Where he succeeded, he had his reward in their present but fleeting approbation: where he failed, (and it may be that, with reliance on God's help, he would have succeeded where he failed,) he had no enduring consolation and hope to sweeten and neutralise the disappointment which embittered his latter existence, in spite of the many mercies that remained. It is the Christian—the man who lives to God, and in whom God lives—who alone can say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

ZILLAH.

WHY had Mr. Dalzell told me all this about his past history? Partly, I doubt not, as he himself

avowed, that he preferred my hearing it from his own lips than from the lips of others; partly also, as I think, that, painful as were some passages in the history, it relieved his mind to speak of them to one in whom he fancied he could trace some features of character assimilating to his own. But I believe that there was another reason.

A year or more had passed away since our acquaintance had commenced; and, constantly as I was Mr. Dalzell's guest, it is not to be supposed that I had been altogether excluded from the society of his grand-daughter. At first, indeed, I fancied I perceived a reluctance in my friend to give me opportunities of intercourse with Zillah; and I easily accounted for this, by supposing that he kindly and wisely had determined to save me from the disappointment and pain which must issue if I—a poor young clerk—should presume to build ambitious matrimonial hopes on his condescending favour.

I had accepted this tacit understanding, Archie; and, notwithstanding the boyish fancies that might have flitted across me when first the fair vision was presented to me, I formed a—what shall I say?—a magnanimous resolution that I would bring no vexation to my friendly host, nor dishonour upon myself by taking advantage of his hospitality, and by permitting myself to dwell, even in imagination, on the possibility of a future union with one so far above me in all but patrician birth.

Alas for the stability of good resolutions, unaided by a higher principle than that of worldly honour and expediency! As our acquaintance ripened into what Mr. Dalzell himself denominated friendship, he evidently relaxed in his vigilance, and permitted me often to meet Zillah—sometimes in his drawing-room, when the severer studies of the evening were over; and sometimes inviting me to accompany them in their short and circumscribed rides and drives around the infant city. Dearer and most ravishing of all were our occasional moon-lit excursions on the Hooghly, in a small sailing-boat of native construction, and manned by native boatmen, owned by Mr. Dalzell. Then it was that he unbent the accustomed rigour of his tones and manner, and suffered a mellowed softness to steal over him, as, forgetful for the time of his later trials, he dwelt upon the memories of the more distant past, and gave us glimpses of his own boyish days. Then it was, too, that Zillah's warm-hearted impulsiveness gave way to a pensive happiness, which did not escape my watchful eyes.

Insensibly, Archie, I was drawing nearer and nearer to the precipice I had determined and vowed to shun: and, more than this, I had the presumption to think that Zillah saw my admiration, and that she was not displeased with my silent affection; nay, that she returned it. Yet more than this, I persuaded myself that Mr. Dalzell—quick as he was to perceive, as by intuition, the thoughts of all with whom he came in contact—could not be ignorant of the struggle that was going on in my heart.

And yet he permitted it! permitted it when with a word he might have cut off at once all avenues for hope: might have said, in his stern, commanding way, "Hector, beware of presumption and ingratitude; Zillah can never be yours."

He might have said this; and I would have submitted. What was I to understand, then, by his tacit connivance at my folly—admitting that it was folly, Archie? I can account for it now, better than I could then. *Why*, it is not for me to say; but Mr. Dalzell's interest in me evidently increased. Perhaps he saw in me something that reminded him of former wrecked and ruined hopes for his poor lost Albert. Certainly, as I have previously said, there were some points of resemblance between himself and me; and, notwithstanding our present disparity in fortune, he knew how certainly success attached itself to character and effort in the Company's service, and probably remembered that he himself was once as poor as I. My birth and family, too, undoubtedly pleaded in my favour. I believe, in fact, that, without having for one moment given a passing thought to such frivolities as love and courtship, at the commencement of our intercourse, his feelings and ideas of propriety were not violently outraged when he saw, as he must have seen, that affection was springing up between us.

I know now, as I understood then, why Mr. Dalzell had torn off the bandages of his unhealed wounds, and made me the confidant of his sorrows, while yet there was time for me to draw back with honour from sharing with him his humiliation. He knew my pride, Archie: that pride which I have described as both the strength and the weakness of my father, was my strength and weakness also; and he rightly conjectured that that pride would at least receive a shock in the disclosures he forced upon me. The result, probably, he was content to leave.

I left Mr. Dalzell's presence that evening in a state of mind which perhaps you can partly imagine, but which I shall not attempt fully to describe. I shut myself up in my sleeping-room at the Factory; and then I sat down to think—if utter confusion of mind can be called thought.

So Zillah was the child of an actress—a French actress, too! The first idea was unpalatable enough to my pride; but the second was worse. To understand this fully, you must remember that national animosities and jealousies—always high and bitter between the two rival nations, all the world over—were at that time, and had long been, and were long afterwards destined to be, exceedingly virulent, high, and bitter in India. All kinds of abuse were daily poured by the factors of Fort William on our neighbours at Chandernagore, and certainly not without some show of reason. They interfered with our trade, intrigued against us among the natives, and at their courts dealt treacherously towards us with our enemies, tried to alienate from us our firmest friends, and took advantage of our weaknesses, or supposed weaknesses, by attempting an entire expulsion of their hated rivals from the land.\*

I am not writing a history of British India, Archie; so I shall stop here: but you will understand how it was that I experienced a momentary

\* We may remark on the above, that doubtless this is correct so far as it goes; but Mr. Dure seems nevertheless to be still somewhat impregnated with the prejudice which he probably condemned. No doubt the French merchants at Chandernagore might have retorted, with equal truth, the charges of their English rivals at Calcutta.



revulsion of feeling towards poor, unoffending Zillah.

But though my castle had tottered, it was not overthrown; and in the space of a few short hours I had resettled and strengthened it on its foundations, (if a building "in the air" can be said to have foundations,) by additional buttresses. To speak without figure, I remembered how—in that notable discussion with Mr. Middleton—my father had vindicated his marriage with a lowly maiden, by saying that the husband gave rank to the wife, and not the wife to the husband; and, following up this dictum of social life, I argued, that since my father had thought no scorn to take to himself the daughter of a plain farmer, I might, at the fitting time, marry the daughter of a French actress without contamination—considering, especially, that Zillah's father could have boasted of a patrician descent equal to my own. Smile, Archie—I give you free permission to do this—at the thought of such grave folly passing through the brain of a flighty youth not twenty years old; but remember, in my favour, that from my earliest childhood I had breathed in an atmosphere of family pride.

This point settled to my relief, I could but reflect that some barriers, which I had thought to be insurmountable, were broken down between me and the fulfilment of my fond dreams. Manifestly, the prosecution of my suit would not be so entirely offensive to Mr. Dalzell as I had feared; while I began even to look upon myself as a hero of disinterestedness, for overleaping the prejudice. If Zillah should consent to be mine, and that consent should be sealed by the approbation of her only relative and guardian—

Archie, I cannot go on. I am dallying only with passionate remembrances, and chasing again, in thought, the bubbles which lured me onward, and perished ere I grasped them. Let it be enough to say that, before a month had passed away, I was accepted by Mr. Dalzell as the future husband of his Zillah, and that a fair and glowing prospect had opened before me, which more than realized my most fervent desires, and outshone my brightest imaginations.

And Zillah—but I must not anticipate.

## OUR TOWN SHADOWS.

NO. I.

A STRANGER, strolling through the stately squares and crescents and the broad streets of our cities, would be likely to think only of the wealth and influence of their citizens, and, struck by the dazzling line of shops filled with the world's treasures, or the stately mansions surrounding him, would little dream that, within a stone's-throw of the sights and sounds that greeted him, might be wretched hovels, dark and dirty without, dreary and desolate within, where congregate the poor—the pariahs of society—the savages of civilization. And could some one, with a thorough knowledge of these dismal districts, lead him at once to them, he would be startled to perceive the quickness of the transition from the state of highest civilization and material wealth, to that of the deepest degradation and the most grinding poverty.

The contrast would be complete, and would be compassed within the boundary of a very little space. He would see with amazement how closely the hovel abutted against the hall, and would have but little difficulty in estimating the ease with which the wind would blow the miasma from these wretched alleys to the perfumed and stately chambers of the rich.

Little as some may think of it, our cities are full of the most painful contrasts: here, wide and well-swept streets, and there, a narrow lane, with heaps of garbage foul, blocking up the way, offensive at once to sight and smell; warehouses of stately architecture that princes might envy, and containing wealth that would have ransomed kings long ago, overlooking hovels tottering to their fall, and half concealing the wretchedness of their inhabitants; hospitals looking out upon the lazarett-houses from which their wards receive their occupants; churches standing where sounds of praise and the song of thankfulness mingle harshly with the fierce curses of the depraved; these, with a hundred other contrasts still more strange and striking, make up the mingled masses which compose our cities. Indeed, the more we know of the "town shadows" which exercise so mournful an influence on our social condition, the more fully are we convinced of the hopelessness of conveying, by means of words, any but a very faint idea of their horrors. The places must be seen to be understood. The eye must see and the ear hear, before the mind can realize the full horrors of these places, which are so rarely brightened by the gleam of hope. Indeed, no description can be detailed enough, and this simply from the fact that no pen can trace in words the wretchedness that there exists, even could we defile our pages by a record of the iniquities there perpetrated. Let the imagination of our reader picture to himself a condition of matters the very worst he deems possible; and we venture to say, that a personal inspection of some of the districts so heavily darkened by our worst "town shadows" will painfully prove that in the "lowest depths" there will be still "a lower depth."

We throw together a few descriptions of what may be called one exterior surface, presented to him who boldly ventures into the worst districts inhabited by the very poor, leaving the reader to imagine the horrors of their more hidden mysteries, moral and physical. "The streets, courts, alleys, and houses in which fever first breaks out, and in which it becomes prevalent and fatal, are invariably those in the immediate neighbourhood of uncovered sewers, stagnant ditches and ponds, gutters full of putrefying matter, and night-men's yards, the soil of which lies openly exposed, and which is seldom or never removed. It is not possible for language to convey an adequate conception of the poisonous condition in which large portions of these districts remain, winter and summer, in dry and rainy weather, from the masses of putrefying matter which are allowed to accumulate." Again: "Broken panes in every window-frame, and filth and vermin in every nook; with wall unwhitewashed for years, black with the smoke of foul chimneys; without water; with corded bedsteads for beds, and sackings for bed-clothing; with floors unwashed from

year to year; without out offices, etc.; while without, there are streets elevated a foot, and sometimes two, above the level of the causeway, by the accumulations of years; and stagnant puddles here and there, with their fetid exhalations, causeways broken and dangerous, and ash-places choked up with filth; undrained, unpaved, uncared for by any authority but the landlord, who weekly collects his miserable rents from his miserable tenants."

This is the photograph of a district amidst the "mills" of lordly Lancashire. But worse remains behind; for what think you, reader, of dens in which the beds "are raised on bricks, to keep them out of the water," which swamps the ground they stand upon? In many a sickening sanitary survey, we have witnessed scenes as bad as this; we have walked across a floor in which every step left its foot-print, so soft and yielding was the mire of which it was composed; and yet on this lay a poor wretch in the height of a raging fever, grovelling amidst a few shavings, so thinly scattered that they did not hide the mud beneath.

The following description of a dark spot in a city of palaces will convey to the reader some idea of the shadows which loom so gloomily in every town. In a street not far from the mansions of the rich might be seen at all times, as well in the broad glare of day as in more congenial darkness, a restless knot of men and women, clustering on the dirty pavement, and moving round the dark entrance of a passage which led to the depths beyond. If the spectator stood long enough to gaze, the knot would now and then become more restless than before; in the air might be seen the uplifted hands of combatants, and across the space which separated him from the raving man would come the oaths of hardened men and the shrieks of depraved women. This part of the street was at all times the dread of the quiet passer-by; and it was hard to say whether the obscene jokes which, in their more peaceful moments, they bandied about, were more jarring to the ear than their screams and angry oaths when a war took place—whether their wrath was less revolting than their ribaldry. Although the appearance of these depraved ones was in some measure an index to the condition of the houses they dwelt in, still, the careless passer-by could from this alone form no adequate idea of all the horrors of their dens. Let us enter and see for ourselves.

Working our way through the mingled mass of men and women, we pass up the filthy passage, dark and dreary, bending as we go, to avoid contact with the low, overhanging roof, and instinctively feeling the heaps of filth beneath. Emerging, at length, our eyes rest on a mass of rotting houses, of garbage foul and wretchedness extreme, which the light of day makes all the more hideous and revolting. Darkness would at least shut out from one sense the horrors of the place. From left to right, and all around, a mass of filth and pollution meets the eye, and sends up its pestilential steam, as if in mockery of the blue glimpse of sky caught overhead between the houses, telling us of brighter scenes and purer air. On one side we see a building, its walls in the last stage of decay, from the

glassless windows of which pour out volumes of smoke; on the other side we see some wretched cellars, into which the light of day never enters, yet which are the habitations of some poor wretches; round the yawning doors of which gambol, amid congenial dirt, half-naked children. Picking our way further up in this sea of dirt, by means of what we may call islands of more solid filth, we come in sight of some rickety stairs, affording a dangerous path to the rooms above, and beneath which lie piles of festering corruption.

Still progressing, we pass a cattle-house, telling of another phase of life in this land of wonders, and at last front a six-storied building. Entering the doorway, let us climb cautiously the stairs, thickened with the accumulated dirt of years. Here we meet on every side filth, wretchedness, and unblushing wickedness, which in its very intensity may well appal us. We wonder no longer at the knot of savage men and women which crowded the pavement at our entrance; we are now initiated into the secret of their existence, and the cause of their perpetuation.\*

Such places as this abound in every large town, and are by no means difficult to be found by those who have the strong nerve, and a still stronger sympathy with the lost and wretched, to enable them to enter and examine their dreary horrors. It would be easy to multiply examples of the "huts where poor men lie," with these concomitants of filth and disease around them; but we have given enough to show the reader some of the most striking of their peculiarities, and to enable him to estimate the amount of physical evil which must necessarily result from their perpetuation amongst us, to say nothing of the pecuniary loss which, as a nation, we suffer in consequence; for it must not be forgotten that all deaths which can be prevented, must be paid for. "A sickly population is one of the most costly burdens of the state. Health is the poor man's capital in trade; and whatever deteriorates that, entails a direct loss, and eventually a heavy money charge, upon the community. The enormous amount of poverty and destitution in this country, and the consequent necessity for an impost of nearly £8,000,000 sterling annually for its relief, are in a great measure due to the pauperizing effects of preventable disease."

"The more closely," says an able writer, while treating of this point, "the subject of the evils affecting the sanitary condition of the labouring population is investigated, the more widely do their effects appear to be ramified. The pecuniary cost of noxious agencies is measured by data within the province of the actuary, by the charges attendant on the abridged duration of life, and by the reduction of the periods of working ability—a reduction by sickness. The cost would include also much of the public charge of attendant vice and crime which comes within the province of the police, as well as of the destitution which comes

\* The particular place from which our description was drawn no longer exists. Thanks to the exertions of a Christian philanthropist, the buildings were renovated, and are now tenanted by respectable working men and their families. In its improved condition we saw it a short time ago, and were highly gratified by the contrast it presented to the picture we have attempted to give above. What has been done in this instance, gives in some measure a key to the oft-asked question, "What can we do with our old hovels?"

within the province of the administration of relief. To whatever extent the probable duration of the life of the working man is diminished by noxious agencies, I repeat a truism in stating that, to some extent, so much productive power is lost; and in the case of destitute widowhood and orphanage, burthens are created, and cast either on the industrious survivors belonging to the family, or on the contributors to the poor's rates, during the whole period of the failure of such ability."

It is needless further to enter into the proof of what must be obvious to every one who gives the matter even a mere passing consideration, and equally so, we think, to detain the reader by long statements to prove the vast amount of physical evil resulting from the existence of so many plague-spots in our cities. On this point let one or two remarks suffice.

From one disease alone—typhus fever—much aggravated by, if not arising chiefly from, the presence of dirt and the absence of all sanitary regulations amongst the poor, 60,000 die annually in England and Wales. Cholera, the modern plague, loves the haunts of filth, and issues forth with increased virulence to invade more favoured quarters, and lay the wealthier classes in untimely graves. Seeing, then, the evils, pecuniary and physical—the moral and religious we shall note hereafter—arising from the continuance of these "manufactories of disease and death," as they have been fitly termed, amongst us, it seems a strange thing, and hard to be understood, why the wealthier classes do not at once arise and determine that this foul blot on our national reputation shall exist no longer. That this desire does not exist is, alas! a too well known fact; that it does not, is at once our sorrow and our shame. If we, as a nation, knew our best interests, we would tolerate this state of matters no longer. We act as if its removal was a hopeless task, a physical impossibility; and it is only at times when the pestilence visits our shores, that we are stirred from our apathy to adopt some hasty attempts at reform, which look very much like the urgings of despair—spasmodic efforts, which too often result in nothing.

And yet there is nothing in the nature of things which necessitates the perpetuation of sanitary evils amongst us; there is no law which decides that they cannot be got rid of. If, indeed, cities could not be built without narrow and noisome streets and hovels, in which none of the decencies, not to speak of the comforts of life, could be attended to, then there would be nothing for it but to fold the hands and close the eyes, to bewail the misery we could not relieve, and to fear the terrors of the disease we could not mitigate. There is no law of nature which makes it necessary that towns should always abound with plague-spots; that houses should exist "where fever is never absent;" lanes and alleys, where the plague-breeze ever blows; districts over which for ever lowers the black death-cloud, arising from the sacrifices of life continually offered up below. There is a remedy for the foul disease, and one as efficacious as it is simple; yet why men, knowing, feeling, and paying for the ravages the disease commits, do not use it, puzzles us exceedingly. It is only at times when urged by fear, as we have already intimated,

that men make spasmodic efforts to remove the evils. Then committees sit in solemn conclave, and boards of health give sage advice to the poor to whiten their walls and wash well their floors.

The expenditure of a little common sense, during the period of national health, would enable us to work more consistently and with far better effect during the time of national pestilence. We would then no longer act like children; we would no longer give advice to the poor which a moment's consideration would show us is often impossible to be acted upon. But, as a nation, we have yet to act in a common-sense way in this great matter; we have yet to learn that sanitary reform cannot be carried out efficiently in the time of pestilence; that the time of coolness is that in which we can best do our work, and not the period when we are excited by the sight of men falling around us by death. The builder is wanted after the fire has done its work: it is too late for the fire-engine when nothing remains but the scorched timbers and the tottering walls. Men do not usually call in the physician when death has taken place: it is the undertaker who then comes to fulfil his last sad office. How often do we quote the proverb, "Prevention is better than cure," yet how seldom do we allow its spirit to tinge our actions. As in other matters, so in this of sanitary reform, we let the day speed swiftly past, and the night overtake us, "when no man can work." When the noiseless but noisome waves of the pestilence dash upon our shores, then are we up and doing; but ere we half get through our work, the plague and the pestilence have finished theirs; and in the deserted homes, with the heart-sickness left by the death of those we loved, we are left to mourn over our own folly and neglect. While our better judgment tells us that it would in every way be wiser to systematically remove the physical nuisances which degrade our towns, and continually furnish foreigners with a reproach against us, we nevertheless go on our routine path, careless of its dangers and heedless of our folly. Why this singular state of indifference should exist among us, it will be interesting to inquire; important also may be the results of the inquiry, as from them may be eliminated much that will be useful and suggestive, and which will enable us to trace with greater ease the close connection existing between sanitary and social reform, and to note the strong claims which they have on the consideration of the Christian philanthropist. This part of our subject we must, however, reserve to a future paper.

#### THE STORY OF LIGHTHOUSES.

WE are not going to be very technical. It would neither suit ourselves nor our limits to say much about the "conic frustum," or the "parabolic curve," or the "dioptric system of lights." We are first going to challenge antiquity to show us here and there a beneficent glimmer of light from its wild rocks and dark shores; and then we propose to follow the personal story of some of those intrepid men who have successfully done battle with the winds and waves in the seaman's cause.

The employment of beacon-fires in the olden time, as signals by which any great event might

be telegraphed onward from point to point, must not be confounded with the regular use of beacon-lights as a fiery word of warning to mariners. An illustration of their employment in the former sense is given in that magnificent passage in the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, wherein the fall of Troy is announced in letters of light from headland to headland and shore to shore, one point after another catching the mighty news, and flinging onward the signal, for which the lonely warders, in their watch-towers, had been looking in vain for ten long waiting years. But our inquiry is confined to those beacons which were the early and simple type of the future lighthouse. We do not incline to the whimsical hypothesis that the formidable Cyclops of old, with their one bright eye, were in living reality the very lighthouses of antiquity. If it were so, they must have ill discharged their duty; for the fleet of Ulysses is said to have struck on the Cyclopean island itself, evidently without a single glance of warning from the sleepy eye. But we find, in the nineteenth book of the *Iliad*, something a little more to our purpose, when the grand old poet, in describing the gleaming shield of Achilles, speaks of the friendly flame of the beacon-light, the hope and help of the mariner.

And now another dubious illustration of our subject looms heavily out of the mists, in the gigantic proportions of the Colossus of Rhodes. It is difficult to conceive that the brazen giant would have been set up, with one foot planted on one side of the harbour, and the other foot on the other side, without turning his vast proportions to some practical purpose. Let us at least hope that when Chares, the pupil of Lysippus, completed his twelve years' work, and placed his monster statue over the highway into the harbour, which was traversed by fleets in full sail, he taught him how to hold out a lantern to the nations, which should serve to light them into port. This was about three hundred years before Christ. For only eighty years did the Colossus point the way or light the path, before an earthquake shook him limb from limb; but the brazen mass remained until the seventh century, when it was trafficked in by a Jew, for £36,000 of our money.

We may theorize with a little more boldness when we turn to another of the "seven wonders of the world," the celebrated Pharos of Alexandria. This remarkable tower, which is allowed on all hands to have been a light-bearer, dates from the same period as the Colossus, about three hundred years before the Christian era. It rose on the small island of Pharos, in the bay of Alexandria, a magnificent structure of white marble, composed of many stories. Completed in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the monarch was minded to commit his memory to the enduring keeping of the tower; but the architect contrived to grave his own name on the marble, and his master's on the layer of mortar which he spread above it; and thus, after the touch of time had rubbed away the line, the following inscription was bared to the eye of succeeding ages:—*Sostratus, of Cnidos, the son of Dexiphanes, to the gods, the saviours, for the benefit of seamen.*" These last words clearly set forth the beneficent purpose to which the tower was dedicated; and both Pliny and Am-

manius Marcellinus speak of it as a beacon, which was lighted up at night to mark the way into the haven of Alexandria through the shoals of that encumbered coast. The former speaks of the "danger lest the light, when seen from a great distance, might be thought to be a star." An almost fabulous height has been attributed to this white tower of Egypt, and its cost has been computed at about £390,000 of our money. But it is a grand thought that the entrance into the land of pyramids, the gateway to the avenues of sphinxes, the path to the hundred-gated Thebes, to the forests of obelisks, and to those solitary giants that sat supreme over the sands, should have been indicated by this magnificent tower of purest white, bearing a star of light on its lofty brow. There is a modern lighthouse at Alexandria, which inherits the name of its famous ancestor, "the Pharos," a word derived, as is supposed, from *Phrah*, the Egyptian name of the sun. Pliny and Strabo allude to the existence of light-houses at Ostia, Ravenna, and amongst the shoals at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. This seems to be nearly the sum of all that antiquity is willing to reveal about her lighthouses, though we question her ever so wisely.

And now we take a long leap out into the comparative daylight of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when there slowly grew up, at the mouth of the Garonne, the great "Tour de Corduan," which was twenty-six years before it arrived at maturity, and set to work to light the fleets of Bordeaux and the traffic of the Languedoc Canal safely to their destination. The architecture of this tower, which is one hundred and ninety-seven feet in height, is very ambitious in its character: galleries taper upward to the lofty summit; there is a chapel within; and there are friezes and pilasters without. But after all this grand preparation, the ingenuity of France, under Henri IV., could only devise a good flaming fire, fed with oak-billets from the broad forests of Gascony. Yet even this fitful blaze must have been a waymark of vital moment to the storm-tossed mariners in the Bay of Biscay. Time passed on, and a good coal fire, burning on the top of their stately tower, was esteemed a vast improvement upon the unsteady tongues of flame which had long shot upward through the dome of a southern night. At length, in the year 1822, the beautiful dioptric lights of Augustin Fresnel took their legitimate place on the conical top of the magnificent Tour de Corduan.

And now we are rapidly nearing our own times. There is a perilous reef of rocks, about fourteen miles from Plymouth, and about ten from the Ram Head on the Cornish coast, against which the swell of the Atlantic waves beats and breaks with uncontrollable fury. These are the famed Eddystone Rocks, so named from the wild tumult of conflicting currents amidst which they dwell. As they rear their black foreheads in the midst of the broad highway of commerce, it is no marvel that many a noble ship stumbled and fell in mid-career: no marvel either, that men's hearts should have been anxiously set upon devising some mode of giving a timely warning. As early as 1696, a brave man was found who was ready to step forward in this "forlorn hope," lead the attack, storm





EDDYSTONE.

SKERRYVORE.

WELL ROCK.

The three Towers are drawn on one Scale. The letter G marks the computed position of the centre of gravity of each Tower.

the rock, plant his colours, and then stand the siege—against what forces?—the waves and winds of an ocean, the tempests of the wintry Atlantic. All this is bravery indeed! The man who led that “forlorn hope” was Henry Winstanley. There was a whimsical quaintness in his former mode of life which would have prepared one to expect the merry quips and tricks of a conjuror, rather than the bold deeds and high heart of a hero. He had surrounded himself in his Essex home with the most startling absurdities. If his visitor took his seat in a chair, a pair of arms would instantly start up and embrace him, making him a close prisoner therein. If he attempted to kick out of the way a slipper which he saw lying on the ground, a ghost-like figure would immediately spring up and confront him; and, if wearied with these unpleasant surprises, he seated himself in a bower in the grounds, he was forthwith launched out into the middle of the canal.

It was from amidst such childish though ingenious jokes as these, that Henry Winstanley stepped boldly out upon the Eddystone rocks, and prepared to maintain himself there against the rude shocks of indignant storms. Harlequin turns hero! A strange metamorphosis! He spent the first summer in boring twelve holes in his impracticable rock, and in fixing twelve answering irons therein as a hold-fast for his new arm-chair amidst the waves, his new summer bower of the seas! During the course of the next

season he raised a round pillar twelve feet high and fourteen in diameter. It was still there when he returned to it in the succeeding spring; and he built at it until, including the vane, it rose to the height of eighty feet. He now determined to take possession of this singular erection; but the first night in which he ventured to lodge in his strange citadel was a night of storm and tumult, and for eleven succeeding days not a boat could venture to approach the beleaguered garrison. Still they clung manfully to their battlements, their provisions, like themselves, drenched and soaked with the salt waves.

On the 14th of November, in the same year (1698), Winstanley lighted his lantern. But wild were the nights and days that followed. The kindly glimmer of his beacon was dancing upon fearfully troubled seas; and it was not until three days before Christmas, that, in the very extremity of hunger, he regained the shore. The fourth season was spent in encasing his tower with fresh outworks, and in raising it to the height of one hundred and twenty feet; for, even when his lantern was at an elevation of sixty feet above the rock, he found that it was often “actually buried under the water.”

This first Eddystone lighthouse contrived to maintain a sort of dying life until the November of 1703, when, some repairs being required, its bold architect, accompanied by a body of workmen, landed on the rock. There is a painful feature in

this story, which we should have been glad to suppress were it not for the moral teaching which it conveys. Poor Winstanley, in his strong self-reliant confidence in the stability of his work, had declared that "he only wished to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens, that he might see what effect it would have on the structure." And now a storm was coming which has been memorable in history for its wild fury and for the fearful destruction which it wrought—the storm of the 26th of November, 1703. When the morning of the 27th arose on the troubled scene, not a vestige remained of the lighthouse, of the architect, or of his men, saving only some small length of chain which was firmly jammed into a crevice of the rock! Ah, there is a wide distinction between presumption and courage, between a bold self-confidence and a humble trust. Smeaton remarks, that the common sense of the public had led them to anticipate some such sorrowful tragedy, so little was the tower of Winstanley adapted to endure the shock of its peculiar trials.

The vital importance of a light on the Eddystone was soon after painfully illustrated by the loss, on the rock, of the "Winchelsea" man-of-war, with nearly the whole of the crew. The next man who wrestled with this stubborn difficulty was Mr. John Rudyerd. His antecedents were not such as would prepare him for his critical mission: he was a London silk-mercator. However, flinging aside his soft and shining merchandise, he addressed himself to his critical work in the summer of 1706, with such energy and skill that in two more summers the light might again be seen shining like a star above the waves, at the height of ninety-two feet from the rock. Rudyerd's tower was of wood, weighted at the base by a considerable mass of stone-work, and its form an elegant frustum of a cone, carried up unbroken by any of those whimsical outworks which in Winstanley's tower had afforded to the waves so many points of irritating resistance. But, after a spirited existence of forty-seven years, the wooden lighthouse of Rudyerd paid the penalty of its perishable material, and was destroyed by fire, its three tenants escaping with great difficulty from this second adverse element, and one of them dying of injuries received during the conflagration.

And now there steps out upon the narrow stage a man of real genius. This man was Smeaton. John Smeaton was born at Ansthorpe in Yorkshire, was articled to an attorney, and afterwards followed the business of a mathematical instrument maker. He was the first person in England who pursued the calling of a civil engineer, and in fact he may be said to have created the profession. Smeaton was resolved, in spite of the opposition of the authorities, that his tower should be entirely of stone. The material being decided on, form next became the subject of anxious consideration. And now his thoughts settled upon the study of Nature's own noble type of strength—a grand old oak! He considered its spreading roots, which take such a broad firm grip upon the soil of its mother earth: he studied the rise of its swelling base, which, when it attains the height of about one diameter, is reduced by a graceful curve concave to the eye, which carries it to a diameter less by one-third than its original

base. Now, then, it runs up more perpendicularly in the form of a cylinder, and then, a preparation being required for the support of its spreading boughs, a renewed swelling of its diameter is observable. Now, (Smeaton proceeds to reason,) were we to cut off the branches of our noble oak, and in that denuded state expose its bole to the assaults of wild waves at the base, instead of wild winds at the summit, we have a type of such a lighthouse-column as is best adapted to endure the peculiar tests of its position. This is the well-known story of the conception of the idea of the Eddystone lighthouse. But Mr. Alan Stevenson, the distinguished engineer of the Great Skerryvore lighthouse, shows in one of his interesting works, that if the idea of his celebrated column sprung up in Smeaton's mind from the fancied analogy of the oak, he was unconsciously led to a correct conclusion by following a faulty line of reasoning—in other words, reasoning correctly from wrong premises. The difference in material destroys the force of the analogy. The oak stands the shock of winds, not only from the breadth of its swelling base, but by the strength of its fibrous texture, the elasticity and coherence of its parts: the tower resists the assault of the waves by the lowness of its true centre of gravity, and by the weight and friction of its massive material. No: the great idea of the Eddystone could never have grown up from an acorn; it sprang, Minerva-like, from the thoughtful brow of genius.

If we look back through the dim mists of antiquity, we shall see that very much the same figure as that of the Eddystone was employed by the ancient Egyptians to symbolize stability in the person of their god Pthah. Here, shorn of his arms and of his peculiar head-gear, stands Pthah, firm on his immovable basis; and here, deprived of its lantern, stands our modern Eddystone! Yes; Meditation took the same form when it laboured in the mind of the old Egyptian idolater as he stood under his shadowy palm-tree beside his lotus-crowned Nile, and sought to express in sacred symbol his notion of abiding stability, as when, some three or four thousand years later, it wrought itself out in the practical head of Smeaton, when, standing on his wave-washed reef, he drew the outline of his future lighthouse with the shadowy pencil of thought.

It was on the 5th of April, 1756, that Smeaton first stepped upon the rock and prepared for his coming work by cutting the surface in regular steps or trenches, into which the blocks of stone were to be dove-tailed. The first stone was laid on the 12th of June, 1757, and the last on the 24th of August, 1759, completing a tower of sixty-eight feet in height. The structure is a solid mass to the height of twelve feet, and the blocks of stone are held together by stone joggles, dove-tailed joints, and oaken tree-nails. That so sagacious an engineer as Smeaton should have arched the floors of his different stories, has created some surprise, as he thereby lost the added element of strength, which he might have secured by making those floors serve as tie-walls. His ingenuity, however, helped him out of his difficulty,



by suggesting a mode of counteracting the dangerous tendency of the outward thrust of these arched floors. He bound the courses of his stonework together by belts of chain, which were set in grooves while in a heated state, by the application of hot lead, and which, on cooling, of course tightened their clasp upon the tower. On the 16th of October, 1759, the benignant light again shone out over the waters, a welcome gleam to the straining eye of the seaman, though it was but the concentrated light of a few tallow candles! And after such mighty preparations and such a world of thought, was *this* all that science could do to light up its grand new sea-tower? Yes, truly: the group of tallow candles burnt on and did their best to testify of danger, until the year 1807, when argand burners with silvered copper reflectors were displayed, completely taking the shine out of the poor endeavouring candles. You may stand upon the Hoe at Plymouth, with the grand blue Sound spread before you, bristling with fortified points and islands, with the beautiful curved promontory of Mount Edgcombe sweeping out to sea on your right, with the straight black line of the Breakwater boldly dividing the swells, and with its own little beacon telegraphing to the great men-of-war the road into the magnificent port; and when twilight slowly descends upon the scene, you may see the light of the Eddystone beaming like a bright star far out upon the sea. It was here that Smeaton used to stand with his telescope, when storms forbade his landing on the rocks, and watch how the seas ran up his trembling tower and hung for a fearful moment suspended like a canopy at twice its height above its brow, completely shrouding it from his sight!

#### AN EARLY ENGLISH EMBASSY TO THE GREAT MOGUL.

IN the beginning of the seventeenth century, a brave English seaman, Captain William Hawkins, arrived at Surat, having been sent out by King James I to represent him at the court of his well-beloved brother, the Great Mogul. This potentate, Jehanghir, the son of the celebrated Acbar, no sooner heard of the arrival of an English ambassador than he ordered him to be brought to court and ushered into his presence without delay.

The honest sailor was hurried off so fast to the audience, that he had scarcely time to put on his best clothes; but the emperor took a great fancy to him, and, finding that he understood the Turkish language, made him come daily to the palace, and pass hours in talking about the various countries he had seen in the course of his travels. He soon became so great a favourite, that the monarch requested him to remain permanently at his court, offering to make him a grandee of the empire, with the rank of commander of four hundred horse, and to assign to him a domain worth £3200 a year for the support of his dignity; and Hawkins, as he tells us in his journal, considering that in this capacity he might be best able to serve his country, and at the same time "to feather his own nest," resolved to accede to the proposition.

Another mark of the royal favour was not quite so palatable. As an extraordinary honour, Jehan-

ghir signified his intention of bestowing on his English friend one of the ladies of his harem as a wife. Hawkins excused himself, on the ground of his religious scruples, which would not, he said, permit him to marry a Mahomedan; though, if a maiden of his own faith were offered, he would not be found so ungrateful as not to accept her hand.

"At which my speech," says he, "I little thought a Christian's daughter could be found." But the emperor bethought him of a young Armenian lady, whose father was a Christian, and had been a captain in Acbar's service. "So," continues the philosophic sailor, "seeing she was of so honest descent, and having passed my word to the king, I could not withstand my fortunes. Wherefore I took her, and, for want of a minister, before Christian witnesses I married her, the priest being my man Nicholas, which I thought had been lawful till I met with a preacher that came out, and hee shewing mee my error, I was newe married again." It is satisfactory to find that he was able to conclude with the words, "So, ever after I lived content."

The fruits of Hawkins' negotiations were not so valuable as the emperor's partiality gave him reason to hope. Jehanghir did indeed grant permission to the English to establish factories at Surat and elsewhere; but the intrigues of the Portuguese Jesuits, resident at the capital, and of the Mahomedan nobles, who were little pleased to see an obscure foreigner placed on an equal footing with themselves, caused the privilege to be revoked almost as soon as it was granted. Then the minister, whose business it was to assign him lands for his support, thought proper to select an estate in a part of the country overrun by banditti, and thus completely blighted his hopes of "feathering his nest." Hawkins, at length, threw up his employments in disgust, and set out on his return to England, leaving the affairs of his countrymen as unsettled as he found them.

The next ambassador chosen by the British court was Sir Thomas Roe, who arrived at Surat in September, 1615, and at Ajmere, where the court was then stationed, in the following January. He caught a fever during the land journey; but when, at length, he was able to appear at the palace, he stipulated, before entering the imperial presence, that he should be permitted to use the customs of his own country, without being expected to perform the prostrations exacted from Asiatics; and not only were these terms acceded to, but the emperor received him with unusual graciousness, and, at his second audience, beckoned to him to take a place "above all other men," which Sir Thomas, whose fault was not unconsciousness of the dignity of his office, "ever after thought fit to maintain."

His Majesty was in the habit of holding what we should call public levées twice a day, on which occasion he appeared seated in a raised gallery, looking upon a court in which the nobles, inferior gentry, and "common base people" were ranged; the two former classes standing immediately below the throne on a platform raised a little above the floor, and the vulgar herd outside a railing that separated them from their betters. Roe, in his journal, remarks that the variety of ornaments was "rather patched than glorious," and reminded

him of a lady who, in her anxiety to show off all her plate, placed her embroidered slippers on the side-board.

Roe frequently endeavoured to discuss the objects of his mission, and to obtain redress for the wrongs suffered by the English traders. Jehanghir generally lent a courteous ear to his overtures, but was particularly inquisitive about the benefits which he himself should derive—what presents would be sent to him from England, and whether they would consist of jewels and precious stones. Roe adroitly parried this awkward question, by saying that his master had not thought of sending jewels to the sovereign of a country which so much abounded in them, but proposed rather to send what would be considered rarities in India, such as “excellent artifices in painting, carving, cutting, enamelling, figures in brass, copper, or stone, rich embroideries, and stuffs of gold or silver.” The emperor seemed tolerably satisfied with this reply, but said that he should like, of all things, to have an English horse; and, when the ambassador pleaded the great difficulty of conveying the animal so vast a distance by sea, ingeniously suggested that if six were put on board ship, one might probably survive the voyage; so that Sir Thomas was obliged to promise to see what could be done. Having a few paintings with him, he presented one of them to the emperor. Going, some time afterwards, to visit at the court, his Majesty caused six paintings to be brought, all so like the one given by Roe, that the latter was a good deal puzzled to point out the original; and Jehanghir triumphed exceedingly in his painter’s success.

Roe was once invited to a grand festival held on the monarch’s birth-day; and on this occasion he received a cup of gold, with a stand and cover, set all over with turquoises and rubies, which he was desired to empty three or four times to the emperor’s health, and then keep the cup as a present. Roe sipped the liquor it contained, but found it the most potent stuff he had ever tasted, so that it made him sneeze; whereupon Jehanghir laughed, and, sending some raisins, almonds, and sliced lemons on a golden plate, bade him eat and drink as much as he liked and no more. The emperor then threw a quantity of rubies and gold and silver almonds amongst the company, and a very exciting scramble for them took place amongst the *grandes*, in which all, except the ambassador, the prince royal, and one or two more, took part.

Within the walls of his palace, Jehanghir frequently spent whole nights in drunkenness. In public he generally preserved a sufficiently staid and decorous demeanour; and if any of his boon companions were incautious enough to allude to a recent excess, he would affect the utmost astonishment, and sternly demand when and where such unhallowed proceedings had taken place, and who had dared to participate in them. Of course, no one ventured to remind him of his own share in the guilt, and he was thus able, with every appearance of virtuous indignation, to pass sentence on the convicted culprits, some of whom he would fine heavily, while he would order others to be whipped so severely, that they sometimes died from the effects of the punishment. One of his favourite

pastimes was, to witness the execution of criminals condemned to be trampled to death by elephants. Soon after his accession, on quelling an insurrection headed by one of his own sons, he caused seven hundred of the rebels to be impaled in a row, and then caused his son to be led along the line of writhing victims, to receive, as he said, the homage of his servants.

Roe, from whom these atrocities seem to have been carefully concealed, speaks of Jehanghir as a good-natured, easy man, whose chief defect was want of firmness; but, in spite of this smooth exterior, he was in reality a cruel and capricious tyrant, whose evil passions needed nothing but a fitting occasion to display themselves.

One of the emperor’s sons, who afterwards reigned under the name of Shah Jehan, being appointed to head an expedition into the Deccan, was accompanied by his father, who proposed to proceed as far as the southern frontier of his dominions, in order to be near the scene of operations. The royal procession was a splendid sight. The emperor was arrayed in cloth of gold, with a turban, surmounted by a plume of heron feathers, and adorned by a ruby as big as a walnut on one side, a diamond as large on the other, and in the centre an emerald, shaped like a heart, larger still. His sword and buckler were set all over with great diamonds and rubies; his sash was wreathed about with a chain of large pearls, rubies, and diamonds; about his neck he wore a triple chain of “most excellent pearl,” at his elbows, armlets set with diamonds, and on his wrists several rows of the same precious stone. It would be tedious to describe the whole of the gorgeous pageantry, which, however, has been most minutely chronicled by the worthy Sir Thomas, who seems to have had a natural love of magnificence. The elephant trappings, he says, were “so rich, that they braved the sun.” Fifty elephants bore the ladies of the harem, who were carried in cages, “like parakitoes,” half a mile behind the emperor; and a train of noblemen, on foot, completed the procession.

Despite of all this grandeur, the journey was not a pleasant one to the poor ambassador, who had been commanded to accompany the court. Sometimes the camp was pitched in spots where little or no water was to be had; and it once required all Sir Thomas’s interest to obtain a small supply for himself from a pool, of which a great man had taken possession. Nor was the fare at all times either dainty or abundant. Besides these physical discomforts, the ambassador had a double share of diplomatic annoyances during this journey. A quantity of goods, which he had long been expecting from England, arrived at Surat, but were, it appeared, most unaccountably detained there. Sir Thomas made many complaints to the emperor, who was, especially when intoxicated, very prodigal of “good words,” but still no redress was obtained. Time rolled on, and the ambassador determined on the strong measure of seeking an interview with the emperor, and making a very serious representation on the subject.

On entering the imperial presence, a curious scene presented itself. Sir Thomas Roe found the goods, the stoppage of which he had come to complain of, actually in the possession of his Majesty,



who at this very time had all the packages open before him, and was busily examining the contents. Jehanghir observed the ambassador's blank looks, and no doubt feeling a little ashamed of his own behaviour, he attempted an apology. He merely wished to look at the things, he said; but as he understood most of them were intended as presents to himself and his family, who were all one, there could surely be no harm in helping himself to some of these English rarities. Anything not so intended he would, of course, return.

After these general remarks, the emperor proceeded to particulars, and began to show excellent reasons why nothing should be given back. There were some dogs, and embroidered cushions, and a barber's case, all of which had so taken his fancy, that Roe could not be so cruel as to deprive him of them. Then there was a glass case, so mean and ordinary, Sir Thomas would never think of asking for *that*. Next came four hats—the very things for his ladies! Pictures, of which there were several, were peculiarly acceptable to so eager a connoisseur; but one, representing a female figure holding a satyr by the nose, seemed at first to excite some awkward suspicions in his mind. He fancied that the two figures were symbolical of Europe and Asia, and that their relative positions conveyed an insult to his own part of the world. Nevertheless, he calmly folded this picture up with the rest, and intimated his determination to keep it also. He affected more displeasure at the sight of some wooden images of animals, which, from the description, would appear to have been children's common toys. He asked whether it was thought in England that horses and bulls were unknown in India, and whether these figures had been sent to him to give him an idea of their form; but on Sir Thomas assuring him that they had not been intended for him, but had been sent out for sale, his Majesty not only accepted the excuse, but said he would accept the toys also as a present. He at length agreed to give up some bales of silks and velvet, on its being represented that they belonged to private merchants; but poor Sir Thomas found himself deprived of everything else.

After a progress of five months, the court finally settled at Maundoo. When the emperor's birthday came round again, the ambassador had an opportunity of seeing him solemnly weighed in public. This operation was performed in scales of massy gold, and the weights consisted of silver, and bags said to contain gold and jewels, but which, Roe remarks, might possibly have been filled with pebbles. Afterwards the monarch was weighed against bales of cloth of gold, silk stuffs, linen, and spices; and finally meal, butter, and corn were put into the other scale. After being weighed he ascended a throne, and scattered quantities of silver nuts, almonds, and other fruit among the great men, who scrambled for them "prostrate on their bellies." Roe received a bowlful of this precious fruit from the hands of his Majesty; but the nobles, clustering about him, immediately robbed him of two-thirds of his present. Our ambassador, however, was reconciled to his loss by discovering that the silver was so exceedingly thin as to be worth very little. At the end of two years and a half, Sir Thomas Roe

succeeded in obtaining a firman, granting to his countrymen various commercial privileges, and, as a reward, he received, soon after his return to England, the appointment of ambassador to the Sublime Porte.

## THE SKETCHER IN LONDON.

### UNDER THE BRIDGE.

WHILE the tide of population, at the rate of about ten to fifteen thousand an hour, is pouring in contrary streams over London Bridge—while the omnibuses are crashing, the wagons are groaning, and the cabs and lighter vehicles are bounding and rattling along the granite causeway—we shall take the liberty to glance at what is going on in a portion of that transverse thoroughfare which runs under the bridge, at a level of thirty or forty feet below.

The stone shaft at the side of the bridge-foot stands open, and from the dark orifice dusky figures emerge momentarily into the daylight, and are immediately swallowed up among the passing multitudes. Diving down the broad stone stairs, we are on the point of stumbling over a bundle of something animate crouched on the last step of the first flight. It is a poor vagrant Irish-woman, with three half-naked infants huddled close to her knees: she has been roaming about all the morning, and has resorted to this half-lighted retreat to divide among her starving progeny the fruits of her mendicant expedition. She has spread upon her lap the fragments of broken bread, scraps of meat, morsels of dried fish and cold potatoes; and the children are stuffing the viands into their mouths, heedless of the discomforts of the sloppy, miry vestibule in which they take their repast, and of the keen, dank, wintry wind that stirs their tattered garments as it moans and whines drearily up the shaft.

We are landed at the bottom of the descent in the heart of Thames Street, amid a babel of tongues, a motley mixture of the city population in a state of familiar tumultuousness peculiar to the quarter, and a dead-lock of carts, wagons, and packages brought to a sudden stand-still by the crushing outwards of a huge wain and team from the wharf on the river's brink. It is no easy matter to elbow a way among the press; but the denizens of the place take the business quite coolly and as a matter of course, and the traffic on the north side of the street pursues its noisy current unmoved by the clash and clamour of wheels, and rampant hoofs, and blatant throats, all in active conflict before the eyes and ears of all comers. There is, moreover, entertainment quite as pungent for the nose; for, be it known, we have plunged at once into a combination of smells not the most aromatic. The prevailing odour is the ancient and venerable one of dried fish, mingled with another which becomes more and more perceptible as we advance, and at length becomes paramount about the latitude of Pudding Lane. The flavours of dried fish emanate from a row of shops, in good part denuded of their fronts, and almost overflowing into one another and on to the foot-path. Said shops are all crammed to repletion with every imaginable specimen of dried, smoked, and salted members of the finny tribe.

There are dried cod and salmon, dried haddocks and mackerel; herrings red and white, smoked and salted; sprats by the million in the same state; pilchards in pickle, and oysters in ditto; anchovies, sardines, camplins, and other unfamiliar specimens from the Mediterranean; and a vast selection besides, which we have not the skill to name. All these, piled in heaps, pressed into barrels and packed into baskets, lie about on floor and table, counter, stall-board and shelf, in immeasurable quantities; and as we look on, they vibrate in balances, they are told off in dozens, scores, and hundreds, they are sold and delivered in pots and tin cases, and they walk off in bag, basket, or brown paper parcel to the extent of some cart-loads an hour.

But by this time we have passed the terminus of Fish Street Hill, and are arriving at that classical and historical locality known as Pudding Lane, where, two hundred years ago, the great fire of London began that memorable banquet which, commencing with fish in this spot, finished off with pastry at Pie Corner. Before we are up with Pudding Lane, that other odour which we mentioned above begins to assert itself in spite of the dried fish. It is an odour of oranges, lemons, and dried fruits, and it proceeds from the shops of those mixed dealers who mingle salt cod and pickled salmon with Barcelona nuts and the fruits of Madeira and the Azores. Together with these stores, they exhibit also whole regiments of bottles of all sizes, filled, in defiance of Dr. Jongh, with cod-liver oil—oil expressed from the veritable liver of the veritable cod, on that spot and by their own hands.

Arrived at Pudding Lane, we resign for a brief space the fish and the fish-like smells, and breathe an atmosphere which seems to have been bottled up long ago in a latitude considerably nearer the tropics than that we are accustomed to, and, after having grown remarkably musty in confinement, just let loose for our delectation. The physiognomy of Pudding Lane is not of a fascinating kind; a good proportion of the houses are antiquated, and of that order of ancient architecture sometimes significantly described as "ramshackled;" the causeway will accommodate one wagon or cart; the footways on each side one pedestrian. The shops, though invitingly open, have nothing inviting within, at least to the vision; there are piles of bulging orange-boxes, little barrels, and baskets of unpeeled willow in a state of compound fracture; and there are bags and sacks with their mouths open, disclosing rich hoards of hazel nuts, cobs, brazils, and chestnuts in endless variety. The windows do not make a grand show, but a rather strange and singular one. There are oranges almost as green as unripe codlins, lemons of the same hue, or with a tip of yellow at their heels; these repose in beds of dried orange-peel cut from the fruit of last season, and of dried lemon peel, to all appearance of a far more ancient date. There are no end of bungs, some few cut from cork, but the majority turned in the lathe from inch-thick oak; and there are numberless specimens of a nondescript article resembling a dozen bungs cemented together, also fashioned in the lathe from oak. Then there is an assemblage of gourds of various kinds, from all latitudes, of

all sizes, and whose nomenclature it would puzzle us to set down. Aloft in the uppermost panes are ranks of bottles, containing orange-juice and lemon-juice, sold or offered for sale, as a notice on the side-posts informs us, for domestic use or for exportation. All these things impart no brilliancy to Pudding Lane, which wears a sombre and dingy appearance, but is lively notwithstanding, inasmuch as a violent quarrel is proceeding in one of the recesses behind one of the shops, which quarrel appears to afford considerable excitement to the neighbours, who are flocking round the door, and which, judging from the shrill sharp tones of the interlocutors, seems to proclaim that the lemon-juice is in excess within the domicile.

We have no penchant for witnessing the resolution of this "difficulty," and, retreating to Thames Street, turn up the next lane to the left in our eastward progress. This is comparatively a quiet place—peaceable, but decidedly fishy in odour, though we see no fish. But what is here? A periwinkle warehouse,—periwinkles in huge hogsheads, and in mountains, distilling with the salt ooze and glistening darkly beneath a jet or gas-light. There is nothing else in the place; the entire establishment is devoted to periwinkles, and there they lie on the wet floor in monster masses, while two stalwart fellows, shovel in hand, are labouring to pile Pelion on Ossa, and all in periwinkles! What a strange business to speculate in—and to speculate on—is that of a periwinkle merchant! How does he manage it? Does he boil the poor creatures himself? does he take all those millions upon millions of innocent lives and consign them to death in his monster pot, and make them ready for the pin of the picker and the tooth of the eater? or does he sell the savoury hosts all alive oh! and leave the wholesale murders to the retailers? Then, as to his commercial anxieties—are periwinkles liable to the influence of a panic? Does a momentary crisis make the poor things dull? Are they brisk and ready to "shell out" when cash is easy? and how do they behave when discount is at ten per cent.? Then, again, what do the underwriters say to periwinkles? are they a damageable commodity? are they ever brought into the Admiralty Court mixed up with questions of salvage? and how do they stand at Lloyd's or on 'Change? Such are some of the questions that arise at the first glance at the subject, and we could propound fifty more if it were worth while; in fact, we could speculate on periwinkles to the end of a pretty long chapter, but we have no strong desire to speculate in them. That thought is perplexing; think of a man's hopes and prospects, all one enjoys and all one longs for, being bound up with periwinkles! Positively, it would never do.

That speculation on periwinkles has been too much for us, and we rush for refuge into Dark House Lane, on the opposite side of the way. Dark House Lane, spite of its ominous name, is light enough, and all the lighter that it opens at the end upon the broad surface of the river, whence a fresh breeze is blowing up at the moment, and kindly mitigating the smell of fish, which is the native and the perennial odour of the spot. As for the fish themselves, there they lie, poor sufferers, on the stall-boards—cods that were alive

yesterday, now stretched motionless and slashed in ghastly gashes—silver whittings purchaseable for copper browns—princely turbot, with the whole tribes of subordinate flat-fish, all fatefully laid out and waiting to be entombed in the sepulchral maw of omnivorous London. For Dark House Lane is the supplementary Billingsgate of the metropolis, and does all day long, for the lovers of fish and a bargain, what Billingsgate will do only in the early hours of the morning.

At the end of the lane we are at the door of the noted fish dining-house, where, for such a thing as eighteenpence, you may take your fill and your choice of a whole catalogue of finny delicacies; and there hangs the catalogue at the door, in the shape of the bill of fare, with the princely turbot at the top. And, by the same token, the genteel flavour of the aldermanic fish, mingled with odours fragrant and appetising, of melted butter and ketchup and Hervey sauce, greets our olfactories as we linger on the threshold; and we hear the clatter of knives and forks, the clink of glasses, the explosion of corks, and the subdued hum of voices in the room above; and we feel that the critical moment has arrived, and that the deed which is irrevocable is being done.

"May good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." Here we are in Billingsgate Market—Billingsgate in midday—Billingsgate without so much as a single fin, a fish-fag, or a bummaree. All are fled; the stall-boards are bare and deserted; the flag-paved floor is swimming in water, and men in wooden clogs are swelling and sweeping it clean: the ornamental fountain runs a dark-brown mixture, and buckets are leaping in and out to supply the cleansing fluid. Down in the regions below the dealers are overhauling the whelks, muscles, and other shell-fish, shovelling and measuring them into baskets and hampers, and packing them for consignment to distant quarters. A solitary mountain of shrimps is all that makes head against Thames Street.

Off the river front of the market, from fifteen to twenty fishing-smacks lie moored close to the stairs; but they have discharged their cargoes long ago, and dance buoyantly on the waves. The crews are lounging about lazily, hands in pocket and pipe in mouth, watching the craft that sail or paddle past, and exchanging impromptu criticisms and rough compliments with each other. Here and there a fellowship porter is seen gossiping among them. You may know him by his characteristic garb, cleansed though it be from the soil of the morning's labour, and by his independent air and bearing. You cannot see across the river, for the mist and fog of the season have settled down upon the water, and the vessels, as they loom past, have carefully to watch their way up and down the channel. But there is life on the broad stream; you catch the cough, cough of the engines, the dashing of paddles, the hoarse hail of the seaman, the shrill cry of the engine-boy, and a hundred minor and mingled sounds, which, accompanied by the low talk of the restless billows, tell the tale of man's ceaseless industry on this, the grandest of the highways of the world.

Opposite to the Thames Street front of Billingsgate stands a handsome edifice, with a tower over a hundred feet in height. This is the Coal Ex-

change, and, as the doors stand open, we may as well look in. We ascend the stairs in the body of the tower, and emerge upon a gallery, one of three which look out upon a rotunda sixty feet in diameter. The floor below represents the dial of a mariner's compass, the design being formed by a species of parquetage, with timber of different hues. In the centre are the city arms, the dagger-blade being formed of a part of a mulberry-tree, planted by Peter the Great when he was working as a shipwright in the dockyard at Deptford. Around and near the walls are arranged a row of high desks, furnished with writing materials, at which the agents and speculators stand and transact their business. The gallery from which we look down is ornamented with emblematical figures painted on the panels, and with views of the different processes by which coal is won from the mine and transferred to the consumer. All round the gallery are private chambers and offices, tenanted by the agents of the great coal-owners, and devoted to the transaction of their business. Ascending to the second gallery, and thence again to the third, we find the same style of ornamentation and similar conveniences for business. The roof is a glazed dome, crowned with a lantern, which rises seventy feet high, and sheds a flood of light through the whole interior, almost equal to that of the street without. The Coal Exchange was finished and opened in the year 1849, having cost over £90,000 in its erection. In excavating for the foundation, there were discovered the remains of a Roman bath, in excellent preservation. This relic has been preserved, and is open to the inspection of the visitor. It is in the basement floor, on the east side.

Beyond Billingsgate, Thames Street shakes off its bustling character, and presents nothing especially remarkable, at least in that peculiar phase of London life which we have been contemplating. Furthermore, at this distance from the dry arches we can hardly be said to be under the bridge. The present sketch may therefore end here.

#### THEN.

A YOUNG man came to an aged professor of a distinguished continental University, with a face beaming with delight, and informed him that the long and fondly cherished desire of his heart was at length fulfilled, his parents having given their consent to his studying the profession of the law. As the University presided over by his friend was a distinguished one, he had repaired to its law school, and was resolved to spare no labour or expense in getting through his studies as quickly and ably as possible. In this strain he continued for some time, and when he paused, the old man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, gently said, "Well! and when you have finished your career of study, what do you mean to do then?" "Then I shall take my degree," answered the young man. "And then?" asked his venerable friend. "And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage; I shall attract notice by my eloquence, and wit, and acuteness, and win a great reputation." "And then?" repeated the holy man. "And then," replied the youth, "why, then there cannot be a question. I shall be promoted to some high office in the State, and I shall become rich." "And then?" "And then," pursued the young lawyer, "then I shall live comfortably and honourably in wealth and respect, and look forward to a quiet and happy old age." "And then?" repeated the old man. "And then," said the youth, "and then—and then I shall die." Here his venerable listener lifted up his voice, and again asked with solemnity and emphasis, "And then?" Whereupon the aspiring student made no answer, but cast down his head, and in silence and thoughtfulness retired. This last "And then?" had pierced his heart like a sword, had darted like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not dislodge the impression. The result was, the entire change of his mind and the course of his life.

## Varieties.

**THE PHYSICAL POWER OF ENGLAND.**—The physical power which England derives from the transformation of the latent power of its coal into active force is scarcely conceivable by unscientific minds. Professor Rogers, of the United States, furnishes us with the following estimates:—Each acre of coal seam, four feet in thickness, and yielding one yard net of pure fuel, is equivalent to about 5000 tons, and possesses, therefore, a reserve of mechanical strength in its fuel, equal to the life labour of more than 1600 men. Each square mile of one such single coal-bed contains 3,000,000 tons of fuel; equivalent to 1,000,000 of men labouring through twenty years of their ripe strength. Assuming, for calculation, that 10,000,000 of tons out of the present annual products of the British coal-mines, namely 65,000,000, are applied to the production of mechanical power, then England annually summons to her aid an army of 3,300,000 fresh men, pledged to exert their fullest strength through twenty years. Her actual annual expenditure of power, then, is represented by 66,000,000 of able-bodied labourers. The latent strength resident in the whole coal product of the kingdom may, by the same process, be calculated at more than 400,000,000 of strong men, or more than double the number of the adult males now upon the globe.

**GLASS AND ITS PHENOMENA.**—The elasticity of glass exceeds that of almost all other bodies. If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to their original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts. Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with the finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fall to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that have been suddenly cooled, possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shivered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom; the thicker the bottom is, the more certainty of breakage by this experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as musket balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, stone, etc., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect, yet a fragment of flint not larger than a pea, dropped from three inches height, has made them fly.

**THE SCULPTURE OF HABIT.**—Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough-cast it. Ten thousand chisel points polish and perfect it—put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed for ever and unchanging in the solid marble. Well; so does a man, under the leadings of the Spirit, or the teachings of Satan, carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of love, purity, and truth—habits of falsehood, malice, and uncleanness, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.—*Plain Parochial Sermons.*

**FATSAN.**—**THE SCENE OF A RECENT NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN CHINA.**—Of all places along this island journey Fushan (Fatsan), which I passed through on the 12th of August, was perhaps the most remarkable for the exhibition of universal energy in business of every form. It may be named "the Birmingham of China." It lies twelve miles W. by S. of Canton city—is a large town without walls, reputed to contain 1,000,000 inhabitants. Both the canal and river through the town were crammed with boats, each side of the river thickly populated, and built up with dwellings, shops, godowns, factories, and hongs. My boat rapidly flitted by wood stores of Kiangse timber, boat-

building establishments, iron-foundries, brick-kilns, and manufactories, and before I was aware of it, was hurried to Hwate, where, meeting with a strong flow tide, it had to drop anchor.—*Mine's Life in China.*

**SPLITTING ROCK WITHOUT BLASTING.**—Some French inventors have taken out a patent in England for splitting rocks by the generation of heat, without explosion. They use a substance composed of 100 parts of sulphur by weight 100 of saltpetre, 50 of sawdust, 50 of horse manure, and 10 of common salt. The saltpetre and common salt are dissolved in hot water, to which four quarts of molasses are added, and the whole ingredients stirred until they are thoroughly incorporated together in one mass, which is dried by a gentle heat, and is then fit for use. It is stamped in the holes bored for blasting rock in the same manner as powder, and is ignited by a fuse. It does not cause an explosion like gunpowder, but generates a great heat, which splits the rock.

**NATURE FURNISHING A SCREW-PROPELLER.**—Dr. Arthur D. White, of Winchester, in a letter to the "Illustrated London News," says:—"I herewith send you a drawing of a very singular insect, which I have carefully examined, in the collection of G. Clifton, Esq., the water police magistrate at Freemantle, Western Australia, and which, I believe, is perfectly unique. The posterior pair of wings are developed into a pair of screw-propellers, with which the insect urges itself rapidly through the air by, it is supposed, a series of half-turns, somewhat after the fashion in which a boat is sculled. I regard this insect not only as curious and interesting to entomologists, but also as capable of offering a hint to engineers, mechanics, and perhaps aeronauts."

**MARAH AND ELIM.**—Marah and Elim! How near they lie to each other! Thus near to each other are the bitter and the sweet of life, the sorrow and the joy of time! Both in the same desert, and oftentimes following each other in the progress of one day or hour. The bitter, too, is first—and then the sweet. Not first Elim and then Marah; but Marah first and then Elim—first the cloud, and then the sunshine—first the weariness, then the rest. In token of this we broke off a small branch of palm from one of these Elim trees, and laying it on the similar branch which we had brought from Marah, we tied them together, to be kept in perpetual memorial, not merely of the scenes, but of the truth which they so vividly teach.—*Dr. Bonar's "Desert of Sinai."*

**AN ALLEGED MIRACLE.**—Dr. Duff states that a few years ago a company of ascetics having lighted their sticks where veins of coal were outcropping, the black stone caught fire, at which they were greatly astonished, and circulated the report of a new miracle, which was the special manifestation of their god of fire, who had caused the very stones to burn. Multitudes flocked to the spot, a new shrine was erected, and worship paid to the god of fire. Some Europeans hearing of it, went to the place, and soon ascertained the real nature of the miracle, which they turned to profitable account by digging and working a mine that has since supplied the Ganges steamers in Upper India with coal.

**HABITS OF THE RHINOCEROS.**—Wherever the footprints of the rhinoceros are seen, there are also marks of the animal having ploughed up the ground and bushes with his horn. This has been supposed to indicate that he is subject to "fits of ungovernable rage;" but when seen, he appears to be rather rejoicing in his strength. He acts as a bull sometimes does when he gores the earth with his horns. The rhinoceros, in addition to this, stands on a clump of bushes, bends his back down, and scrapes the ground with his feet, throwing it out backwards, as if to stretch and clean his toes, in the same way that a dog may be seen to do on a little grass: this is certainly not rage.—*Dr. Livingstone's Africa.*

I READ the Word of God without prepossession or bias, and come to it with a resolution to take my sense from it, and not with a design to bring it to the sense of my system.—*Locke.*